

THE WISE MAN

by Jody Neff

A Wise Philosopher
Now feels a draft
Within the rafters
Of his cobwebbed soul;
He feels a chilly breeze
Flutter and stir—
Could be, with little ease,
He might grasp it?
But, no, he “has the answers,”
All the facts
To prove the worthy, waxed
Realities.
Alas, but to the grave
The Wise Man goes,
Conjecturing
Just how the Poet Knows!